Marre Mar-Martin:

Or

Marre-Martins medling, in a *manner miſliked.*

Martins vaine proſe, Marre-Martin doth miſlike,
Reaſon (forſooth) for Martin ſeekes debate:
Marre-Martin will not ſo; yet doth his patience ſtrike:
Laſt verſe, firſt proſe, conclude in one ſelfe hate:
Both maintaine ſtrife, vnfitting Englands ſtate.
Martin, Marre-Martin, Barrow ioynd with Browne
Shew zeale: yet ſtriue to pull Religion downe.

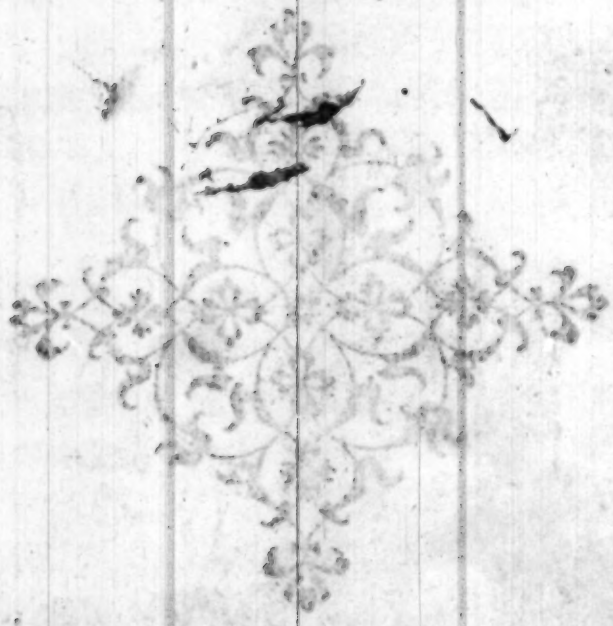
Printed with Authoritie.

Marre Mar-Martin:

Or

Marre-Martins medling, in a *manner misliked.*

Martins vaine prose, Marre-Martin doth mislike,
Reason (forsooth) for Martin seekes debate:
Marre-Martin will not so; yet doth his patience strike:
Last verse, first prose, conclude in one selfe hate:
Both nominatine strife, vnfitting Englands state.
Martin, Marre-Martin, Barrow ioynd with Browne
Shew zeale; yet strine to pull Religion downe.



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Marre Mar-martin.

I know not why a fruitles rime in print,
May not as well with modestie be touched,
As fruitles prose, since neither hath his stint,
And eithers doings cannot be auouched.
Then if both rime and prose impugne the troth.
How like you him, likes neither of them both?

Our Prelates, Martin saith, want skill and reason:
Our Martinists, Mar-martin termeth Asses:
The one, another doth accuse of treason,
He passes best that by the gallowes passes.
Traitor, no traitor, here's such traitors striuing,
That Romish traitors now are set a thriuing.

While England falles a Martining and a marring,
Religion feares, an vtter ouerthrowe.
Whilst we at home among our selues are iarring,
Those seedes take roote which forraine seedes men sow.
If this be true, as true it is for certen,
Woo worth Martin Mar-prelate and Mar marten.

On Whitson euen last at night,
I dreaming sawe a pretie sight,
Three monsters in a halter tide,
And one before, who seemde their guide.
The formost lookt and lookt againe,
As if he had not all his traine:
With that I askt that gaping man
His name: my name (said he) is Lucian.
This is a Iesuite, quoth he,
These Martin and Mar-martin be:

I seeke but now for Machyuell,
And then we would be gone to hell.

Two Bookes vpon a table lay,
For which two yonkers went to play:
They tript a Dye and thus did make,
Who threw the most, should both Bookes take.
He that had Martin flang the furst,
An Asse that was which was the worst.
Mar-martins master in the hast
Hop'd then to hit a better cast:
And yet as cunning as he was;
He could not fling aboue an Asse.
Together by the eares they go;
Which of the Asses gets the throw.

The first vpon his Asse would stand,
He wonne it by the elder hand.
Cush, quoth the second thats no matter,
Mine was an asse, though mine the latter.
And turning backe he spake to mee,
Who all this while this sport did see:
Ist not a wonder, say of loue,
That none of vs should fling aboue?
Sodsir, quoth I, it were a wonder
If either of you, had flung vnder.

What sonnes? what fathers? Sonnes and fathers
Alas our welfare, and alas our helth. (fighting,
What motes? what beames? both displaid in wri-
Alas the Church, alas ỳ Common welth. (ting,
What, at this tyme? what, vnder such a Queene?
Alas that still our feuds should be so greene.

What, wanton Calues? what, loſt our former loue?
Alas our pride, alas our mutabilitie.
What, Chriſt at oddes? what Serpents nere a doue?
Alas our rage, alas our inhumilitie.
What, bitter taunts? what, lyes in ſtead of preaching?
Alas our heate, alas our neede of teaching.

Beare gracious Queene, Europaes matchles mirror:
Beare noble Lords, renowned counſell giuers:
Beare Clergie men, for you muſt ſpie the error:
Beare common people, common light beleeuers:
Beare ioyntly one anothers weakeneſſe ſo,
That though we wither, yet the Church may grow.

If all be true that Lawyers ſay,
The ſecond blowe doth make the fray:
Mar-Martins fault can be no leſſe,
Than Martins was which brake the peace.
Martin, Marre-Martin, Barrow, Browne,
All helpe to pull Religion downe.

FINIS.